

# REFLECTIONS ON ECUADOR

By Hyun Choi

*Greatest surprise/miracle/joyous occasion:*

One of the communities we visited was relatively new and had never been exposed to the gospel being preached to them from an outside group. The first day we were there they just stared at us while we were singing our praise songs and sharing our skits. While we were performing our "Redeemer" skit, (a skit that shows Christ taking our place and dying on the cross), they started clapping after Jesus was crucified upon the cross because they just didn't know any better, and they thought the skit was over. By the end of the skit and after sharing the gospel through explaining the skit, it seemed that some were beginning to understand. I saw a few praying with me in response and even some singing and worshipping, though most were still staring blankly back at the random group of Asian people who had invaded their homeland. I believe that the gospel changed lives in that moment, yes. I believe in miracles.

*Most courageous person on team and why:*

Everyone was courageous for taking a step of faith by even going. They knew the food would be weird, the bugs would be crazy and hungry, the sun would be blazing, the language barrier would be troublesome, that driving on mountain roads at night in a bus would be dangerous, that they would have no personal space, no consistent showers and so many other things, but yes, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.

*Most lovely person you met there and why:*

The most lovely person I met definitely would be a pastor I met in this city called El Carmen. His name was Pastor Rudolph. (He told us we could/would never forget his name because of the famous reindeer, as he then proceeded to hum his theme song...the reindeer's, not his, well I guess actually that would be his too.) He pastors three different churches, ministering separately to the children and adults at all of them. He was so dynamic with both the kids and the adults, knowing exactly how to keep the attention of a five-year-old girl and also so passionately being able to deliver the gospel to a group of adults. He has a crazy love for Jesus Christ and it shows all day, every day. He makes you smile, because you see God alive in Him.

*Most challenging moment:*

I did not shower for six straight days. I kept telling myself that my shirt didn't smell that bad and that the funky smell belonged to someone else. I actually didn't really change anything, not even my socks. Putting on deodorant and washing the face can only do so much though. Things got especially bad on the fourth day when we played soccer and basketball for a few hours straight, and my shirt was drenched with sweat. I was damp everywhere for the rest of the day, and I was still a bit when I woke up. Of course the next day we went on a hike up and down a mountainside and through a cave to get beside and even behind a waterfall. My still damp clothes were then smothered again in yet another layer of sweat, some dirt from the caves and water, of course. Right about now, the funk soul brother. I showered later that night as we returned to the city as our trip was to end.

*Best meal:*

The best meal had to be the traditional food we received in a countryside village. It consisted of a full plate of rice, beets and eggs covered in purple plantains, plantain soup with mysterious meatballs, cucumber salad with a side of plantains and some thick mystery juice to wash it down.

*Moment when you were walking by Faith alone:*

Anytime you stop and think, "I am in the middle of nowhere. If a tree were to fall, no one would hear it..." yes, you realize that only by walking in faith are we ever safe and well.

*What was the theme bible verse?*

I cannot pick one and so I must pick three: 1. Psalm 67:1 May God be gracious to us and bless us and make his face to shine upon us. 2. Isaiah 6:3-5 And one called to another and said: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory!" And the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him who called, and the house was filled with smoke. And I said: "Woe is me! For I am lost; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts!" 3. Psalm 150:6 Let everything that has breath praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

*How will you remember this mission trip?*

I will remember God being so good to us. I will remember the countless relationships made with Ecuadorian brothers and sisters who I will one day

see again in heaven. The team gave a 110% and I was super proud to be its leader. Thank you, church, for your support and prayers, it was a total team effort.

*How did you see Love?*

Love is our last night in Puyo when the whole community came down to say goodbye to us. They presented us with gifts, someone different presenting both the gift and a blessing/encouragement to each of the individuals on our team. The head pastor of the church presented me with a gift and he shared the blessings received through our stay. I was able to say back to him that we were overwhelmingly blessed through our time there and what more can I say than that it was a moment of true fellowship. I did not want to leave but I leave in joy knowing that God is praised in that place. I love the way God loves us and reveals love to us.

*What aspects of God did He reveal to you on the trip?*

God is praised, no matter what.

*Most frequently said prayer:*

God, Your Kingdom come, Your will be done. I pray that we may serve and that we may live in joy. I pray all this in the name of Jesus, Amen y Amen.

*Examples of Fruits of the Spirit by team members/people you met:*

Love is a kid hugging you for no reason at all. Joy is watching a grandfather of the church singing his heart out to a children's praise song, while doing all the crazy body motions with no shame. Peace is knowing that no matter what, God is in full control, and that He loves us, oh, how He loves us. Patience is trying to be as patient as God is to me, a sinner. Kindness is being treated so well by all of the communities we visited, our only connection being Christ. Goodness is the gospel of Jesus Christ revealed through our ministry, our relationships and our mere presence. We can be good because He is first good to us. Faithfulness is revealed through the churches we visited that were continuing the good fight, years after our first visits to them. Gentleness is God humbling me over and over again, and me understanding what meekness is all about, which is to act in humility. Self-control is the constant reminding that I needed to hear that this trip and really all of life is not about me, but all about Him!

full healing and freedom from these sins in order that we can become righteous. He brings grace for renewing and everlasting forgiveness that allows me to know confidently that amidst my sins, I am his beloved.

*Therefore confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you may be healed. James 5:16*

We are all laid bare before God, as he is out ultimate witness. I leave you with a line found in the collection of writings of St. Augustus, whose fitting title I borrowed for my own.

"Narrow is the mansion of my soul; enlarge Thou it, that Thou

## Contributors

Please thank each of the following contributors for his or her invaluable support in making Faith newsletter possible. We are encouraged and blessed by their boldness, humor,

insight, and love.



**Howard Rho**

"Life is a long lesson in humility." James M. Barrie (1860 - 1937)



**Kevin Lee**

Cooking is like love, it should be entered into with abandon or not at all. - Harriet van Horne



**Hyun Choi**

"You shake the tree, a leopard's gonna fall out."



**Esther Choi**

Queer and Quirky



**Alan Cheung**

Do your best and God will do the rest!



**Hana Joe**

He is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." Psalm 46:5



**Jung Kim**

"Poke"

If you are interested in contributing to Faith with ideas, written stories, design skills, artwork, and/or anything fun and creative, please talk to Hana Joe or contact her at hanajoe@gmail.com.

Is your mind always full of random questions: "what hair color do they put on the driver's licenses of bald men," or "is Star Wars fantasy or science fiction"? Or are you the deeply inquisitive type wondering why the more you know about life, the less you seem to understand God, or why God does not explain suffering but makes us share in it? Submit your questions to hanajoe@gmail.com and we'll invite a church brother or sister to answer your questions in the next issue.



## The Vision

Faith Community dreams of being a model of spiritual hospitality.

We dream of being an inviting community, especially to those who hunger for a sense of belonging.

We dream of being a welcoming community, where every guest's expressed and unexpressed needs are anticipated and met with the utmost empathy - like what a child might feel in the home of a loving mother.

We dream of being a maturing community, where every member is continually equipped to become excellent hosts rather than just perennial guests, seeking happiness from the happiness of others.

We dream of being a testimonial community, multiplying members and guests who bear witness to unique, memorable and sacred encounters of hospitality which can ultimately be traced back to the Host of hosts, Jesus Christ.

## EXODUS 35:29

# FAITH



Photo's by Jung Kim 2011



## My Faith, His Miracles

by Alan Cheung

March 15, 2011 marks the day that I decided to part ways with the Walt Disney Company and head east to pursue new opportunities and be closer to my girlfriend. During a 3-month span, I was applying for, on average, 15 jobs a week. Within that same time, I had over a 100 interviews and was getting more than a few job offers from NY and DC. I thought this was a sign from God telling me that he was sending me to the East Coast. But something kept tugging at the back of my heart: My family and their salvation.

I'm a practical guy. I didn't have a job, and companies on the East Coast wanted me. It made sense to just go. However, I believe God wanted me to take a leap of faith and stay here. I didn't have offers in LA, and it didn't seem like doors were opening up here. It didn't make sense to me. It wasn't until I finally let go of the East Coast job offers, when God opened the perfect door. He knew my heart and my love for my family. He just needed a little more faith from me. Faith so small, so that He could move a mountain in my life.

Without a job offer, and my interview streak drying up, I was

scared. I had always relied on my own works and efforts my entire life, and realized that I never really gave God complete control. I prayed to God that I would be happy with whatever he gave me, even if that meant taking everything away from me like Job. In my heart, the only reason this made sense was because I entrusted my family's salvation into God's hands.

Within the next month, I got two amazing offers in Southern California. I was able to take my nieces to VBS despite the numerous obstacles (ie sitting through hour-long traffic and interferences with school activities) that I and Yeana had to overcome to get them there. My parents recently attended church with me for the very first time in their lives, and they are excited to return. My nieces can't stop singing VBS songs and teaching their friends how to pray to Jesus.

I know that this is a miracle blessing from God and nothing less. He has shown me what amazing miracles he can bless me with - even with my mustard seed faith. I thank God every day and am learning to keep believing. I'm not saying that this will happen to everybody. There's no recipe for God's blessings. Our lives are so dif-



## Confessions

"The hardest thing to face is yourself."

By Hana Joe

It was just another Tuesday afternoon, and I was headed to the local Thousand Oaks gym. I turned into the driveway, and immediately, I saw a car pulling out of the most glorious, shady spot in the lot. There were a ton of other parking spaces, but I had to choose this one—a nap under the shade would be the perfect remedy to a hard day's work. A car hurriedly pulled up behind me, and in a rush, I swerved sharply into the spot. I had no time to steer the wheel completely, as the car behind threatened to zoom

and lurch on me if I didn't move promptly enough.

And then it happened—I nudged the car in the adjacent spot. The car? A metallic navy blue Audi A6, fresh from the dealership. I gasped, I yelled, I cried. I banged my head on the dashboard. There was no running from the white-streaked smudge the size of my hand, fingers spread wide.

But I did. I ran.

The guilt overwhelmed me with incredible speed; I made it to the other side of the lot where I could hide but found that I couldn't make it out of the lot. I whispered prayers asking God to save me from this sit-

uation. I pulled open King's Cross for answers, only to be confronted by my own desperation imprinted with my sweaty fingers on the crisp, white pages. In layman's terms, I was screwed.

As I sat in my car, contemplating my next move, I was hit with the depth and extravagance of my sin, how I failed to carry out the simple virtues of being a good Christian—honesty, patience, selflessness. I was so quick to judge members of our church if they didn't pray enough, read the bible enough, or donate enough to the poor, yet, I was no better than an [continued on page 4]

[continued from page 1] unbeliever who nonchalantly gives into moral depravity.

I fail at being "good" and "holy" in so many ways: throwing curses at the police officer who gave me my first ticket, snubbing my nose at my sister after losing a debate, disobeying my parents when they suggest new career options, promoting laziness in my work etiquette, and a whole host of other sins that not only fill me with deep shame but are corrupt enough to shake the bones of any pure soul.

Every day I will fall, every day I will mess up and hurt myself and people around me. I cannot be

redeemed by my nearly perfect Saturday Morning Prayer attendance record or my diligence in keeping up with the Bible reading. I am inherently unholy and broken. Yet, to wallow in my sins is not a punishment strong enough to make me whole again. I turned on my iPod, and I heard these words sung by Starfield—

"And I know I'm weak; I know I'm unworthy; To call upon Your name; But because of grace; Because of Your mercy; I stand here unashamed."

Brothers and sisters, confession is hard. Yet, only through confession for deeds both small and large can we beckon Christ into our lives for





## LET’S TALK

How old would you be if you didn’t know how old you are?  
*I would like to be four because all I did was nap, eat, play.*

What is the one thing you’d most like to change about the world?  
*Innocent people shouldn’t die.*

What do you love?  
*I love when I’m really tired and I knock out right away, and I recently love riding supreme scream.*

What’s the #1 most played song on your iPod?  
*Of course, “All I Do is Win” because all I do is win. It’s my theme song.*

What is your favorite body part?  
*I don’t really have a favorite body part but I guess the nose can be my favorite body part because I can smell things, and I can taste food.*

What would you name the autobiography of your life?  
*Mr. Sonora, the Stud, the Beast.*

What did you do growing up that got you into trouble?  
*I’m an angel. I don’t get in trouble.*

Do you have any hidden talents?  
*Well don’t want to brag or anything, but I have MANY hidden talents.*

What is your dream job?  
*My dream job is to be a buff fire fighter with a mustache and jump through the fire to save someone.*

What is your pet peeve?  
*When people lie to me and they are very disrespectful.*



### FCCRC Babies- Guess, Who Am I?

We attempted to compile the cuteness and uniqueness of some of the babies of our church. Read the following personality blurbs and try to match them with the appropriate baby or toddler. This may involve approaching them and trying to figure out what exactly is behind those cute faces!

Compiled by Esther Choi

- A. Born 11/16/2009**  
*First Word: No*  
*I am active and I smile a lot (When I smile the whole world stops and stares for a while).*  
*I like raisins. My favorite color is red.*  
*My parents nicknamed me “Michael Jordan” and my parent’s prayers for me are to grow bright, strong, healthy, and to have positive influence on people.*
- B. Born 08/29/2010**  
*First Word: (not just yet)*  
*I am very chill and relaxed. I like the squishy texture and nutty flavor of avocados. I don’t know what my favorite color is...my nickname is “Boo Boo”. My parent’s prayer for me is to grow to become a man of God, healthy, and to have fun personality.*  
*Keep in touch with me. I might become a soccer player for Manchester, England.*
- C. Born 09/10/2009**  
*First Word: appa (Dad in Korean)*  
*I am awfully shy but sweet. I like coolness and soothing feeling of milk. I like the color pink.*  
*My nickname is Mina.*  
*My parent’s prayer for me is to grow to become more Christ like, healthy, and to grow to believe and trust Jesus.*
- D. Born 12/29/2009**  
*First Word: eomma(mom in Korean) and mam ma (food/eat)*  
*I am strong willed, fearless, yet social and affectionate. I love animals like “ah-ahs, meows, she-bas, and meong –meongs”. Guess what those mean? It means: monkeys, cats, zebras, and dogs. I am obsessed with feet and shoes. If you have a pair missing I might be trying one of yours on right now. I love playing with other kids and love babies. I lift up my mom’s shirt daily, points to her belly and say “hi, baby” to my baby brother and give him a big kiss on my mom’s tummy. I am observant and super smart. I remember EVERYTHING! Tell me a story...you will be surprised by what I can do. I will tell you back the story...but in my own words I get a kick out of something..heheh.. It’s forcing myself to pass gas. I got a secret... my dad does it too...It’s in my genes!*
- E. Born: 05/10/2008, F.Born 11/02/2010**  
*I am often called “Calvinsky”. I am very fun loving and I love laughing. My brother doesn’t have a nickname yet...but we will give him one soon. He is mellower. You give him milk and he’s happy!*
- We both like food, toys and hobbies. That is what we are good at.*
- I am currently obsessed with fire trucks, Thomas the Tank Engine, and Monster Jam truck. I am ga ga over anything with monster wheels! (Gravedigger and Maximum Destruction are his favorites!). I love those crunchy on the outside and juicy on the inside chicken nuggets and full flavored kimbap. I am pretty good at recognizing the alphabet and counting but my drawings skills are abstract. If you like Picasso, you will like mine for sure!*  
*My brother is good at flapping his arms and legs. Recently he learned how to flip from back to front. Awesome! His favorite hobby is sticking his finger in his mouth.*
- G. Born 07/19/2010**  
*I am still babbling most of the time. I am active, I laugh a lot, and I am very people friendly. I will get along with any strangers. I am a curious guy as well. I like Sophie the giraffe, soft yellow duck, pacifier (this I must have when I sleep), I am independent you can say cause I know how to play by myself really well and not clingy at all. I like standing up, but sprawling too.*  
*I am very curious...so don’t get scared when I stare at you...for a very long time.*

- H. Born May 16, 2006**  
*First Words: umma (mommy in Korean)*  
*I am wild, weird (One of a kind you can say), adventurous, and studios. I like my Wing Wing bear and my favorite color is pink.*  
*My mom says I like rice and seaweed, but I say I like cookies.*  
*I think it runs in my family. I am best and studying and tracing activities. I sometimes do what a high school unnies and oppas would do....stay up until midnight doing my Kumon books.*
- I. Born 01/18/2007**  
*First Words: “Mommy” (Loves to speak English!)*  
*I am like that bouncy ball that bounces of the walls. I am energetic and tomboyish. I am happy and cheerful...but I tend to become a bit shy around strangers. But once you befriend me I will play with you for sure!*  
*I like pink and I like cheese, fruits and veggies. No meat please!!!*  
*I like Pokemon and Power Rangers!*  
*What I do best? Farting! Farting a lot! Blame the dairy and fiber. Hehehe*
- J. Born 07/30/2009**  
*First Word: umma*  
*I am “Katie Bear”. I like the subtle sweetness and fragrant blueberries and delicious chicken!*  
*I am high tech baby. I like to play with ipad. I could go on to YouTube and watch Sesame Street and Disney Videos all by myself.*  
*I love squeezing and hugging Lilo...but other than Lilo...I am terrified with most of the stuffed toys...especially that talking Elmo. (goose bumps!)*  
*I am chic and I am a diva! I am very selective when choosing who to say “hi” to...but now...I decided to just wave hello to everyone!*  
*I am a really good dancer. I can dance to any kind of music.*  
*My favorite music to dance to is the Mouseketeers songs!*  
*Keep in touch with me! You might see me in the entertainment industry one day!*

Our church babies have grown physically and in number since these interviews were taken. Go around and see which babies can finally talk, which ones have increased their babbling vocabulary, and which ones have changed career paths. Also, go find the babies we missed! They will be sure to make you smile and you just might come out with a new friend. As always, please keep our precious children in your daily prayers.

Finally, below is a special prayer topic from Susan King about her two wonderful sons. As these were shared a few months back, please feel free to ask the King family how the two boys are doing now!

*“A year ago Calvin was diagnosed with childhood apraxia of speech, which is a motor speech disorder. Basically children with CAS have problems saying sounds, syllables and words. They know what they want to say but the brain has difficulty coordinating the muscle movements necessary to say those words. Calvin has been going to speech therapy 3x a week. We were very concerned and asked many of you for your prayers. The past few months something just clicked with him and we’ve seen such tremendous development in Calvin’s speech and last week they told us he’s pretty much going to be okay which is such an answered prayer and a relief. Praise God!*  
*Christopher has been through a lot in his first few months of life. He had unexplained longterm jaundice for over 4 months. The pediatrician never saw an infant with jaundice lasting this long before and so he got bounced around between specialists to try to figure out what was going on. Thankfully his jaundice eventually went away on its own but for the first few months he was under phototherapy lights so I could not hold him much except to feed him and change his diaper, and he got poked and prodded probably about 20 times with needles for constant blood work. Recently he got diagnosed with camptodactyly on his fingers. He’s unable to extend the middle and ring fingers of both hands (basically he’s got spiderman hands) so he has to wear hand splints (which is very difficult for someone so young) when he sleeps to try to stretch the tendons so that he can flex them. He’s also going to need physical therapy 2x week. Even through all this however he is such a trooper and is a very happy baby, I call him my ox because he is very strong and rarely cried through any of it. We’d like to ask everyone to please keep little Christopher in your prayers that he will have normal range of motion in his finger.”*

Answers: A)Jordan Han; B)Christian Park; C)Emma Kim; D)Isabel Won; E)Kevin King; F)Christopher King; G)Jayden Joseph Bai; H)Ellen Kim; I)Audrey Song; J)Kaitlyn So

## The Art of Doing Nothing

By Kevin Lee

In a world where compulsive multitasking and Redbull-charged, iP-ad-tapping mobile productivity are en vogue, I’d like to offer one little detour of a life-application moment in the context of our spiritual busyness: doing nothing. Oh, but not in an inactive, twiddle dawdle kind of way. We all know what happened to that guy with one talent. No, my proposition isn’t really about doing nothing nothing. I hope this one thing helps you discover something in doing nothing where nothing really is about everything. I just wrote that because it sounds funny and clever. So, what is this thing? It’s about trusting in God.

Boo, Kevin. Another one of those Sunday school platitudes! No, let me explain. In our subconscious, we are constantly faced with God. Yes, we are. Whether we acknowledge it or not, as believers, we operate under the notion that our actions are in some reciprocity with God’s influence over us. Do we not? At least, I hope we do. Otherwise we’d be lying, scheming and cheating our way through life until we show our faces at church just once a week. But while engaging in God’s presence, we inevitably bargain with God, as if we have any leverage. The delusional act is akin to that guy who barely hangs on at the poker table with a handful of small chips, going all-in with every hand. That imposing mound of blind chips builds a truly false sense of security and leverage, but I digress. We tend to operate like this as if our every move will have lasting consequences that will determine where we will end up and what gains we will accomplish (or, what losses we will incur). We all have our groaning wants and desires, but maybe if we put on our poker face, God won’t notice. Those who are skilled at masking this do so without even knowing by dialing down the wants to a bare minimum. We say, “God, I don’t want anything fancy or great, because that’s greed. I wanna be faithful to you... but you gotta give me at least THIS, right? I gotta survive, after all.” Preposterous, you say? Well then you are far superior to me, for I have played this game over and over again (and lost so miserably).

### “Be still and know that I am God”

This to teach me something. So I say, “what if I do this? Would you be pleased? Would you let me go then?” That doesn’t work. I feel like an idiot for coming up with such a scheme. So in the name of not being insane, I tweak my input and try to garner a different response from God. That doesn’t work. Okay, maybe I didn’t apply this in enough or maneuvered that wrong. So I go back to the drawing board and try to design a more advanced offering to God in hopes of getting His attention. That doesn’t work either. I give up. I pout, and I throw my hands in the air. “That’s it! I quit! I don’t know what it is that you want, so you could do whatever you wish with my life. You control the entire universe anyway, right God? I worship you for that. I know you’re great. So get on with your business

and dignifying aplomb, nodding that everything was going to be alright—when I knew it wasn’t. It was a time when my faith would tread a path that I had never prepared for. I didn’t realize at the time that true faith is never recycled, because it’s always forged and built in the heat of uncharted territory and uncertainty. True faith will never utter the words, “Oh I’ve been here before.” It’s always tested to the point of brokenness.

### Struggle is a fact of life, right? Who doesn’t struggle? To live is to struggle. “But why, God?” I said. “Why THIS way? Can’t you do better? I know your ways are holy, perfect and just, but your methods suck! You already know my heart. Please just grant me THIS. You know I would run to the mountains and shout to the world with a platinum testimony, saying, “This is my story! This is my song! Look at what God has done! He’s so great!” God, you KNOW I won’t be like one of the 9 healed lepers who forgot to give you thanks. You know this because I thank you right now for everything. Even the bad times! So why, Lord? Why? I know these acts of trials upon my life aren’t those of aggression or vengeance. I know You’re not punishing me in some inexplicable indictment. ” I protest and reason in my capitalistic, enterprising but pound-foolish ways. My inner self is always looking for ways to get what’s mine. And when I hit a wall, I negotiate.

I constantly try to apply the scientific method to God. It goes something like this. I offer some thought or proposal to God. After all, He is doing all that I can’t even go 15 minutes without wandering into some thought path lined with lunch choices for the next day and why so and so never liked me in high school, at the end of which I realize that I’m lost, and then I start all over again. “Ok ok, I’m sorry, God. Where was I?” We might then interpret this “stillness” in a Kafkaesque resignation and tell the mirror,

### “You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait, be quiet, still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet.”

But this alone isn’t really being still. It’s more than the literal meaning of the word. It’s getting just beyond that point of capitulation—where the great paternal figures of the Old Testament crossed themselves. When Noah finally built the ark, he was being still. When Abraham raised the knife on his son, he was being still. When David flung his sling shot at Goliath, he was being still. When the Israelites marched around the walls of Jericho with nothing but trumpets, they were being still. When Moses finally got the courage to pay a visit to Pharaoh, he was being still. The

already.” Then I repent for being so reckless and disrespectful. The painful mystery of why God does this to my life still lingers, but I sing some praise tunes, look up longingly at the night sky and pray for forgiveness. How could I ever think so childishly? Then the perpetual cycle reboots. Déjà vu all over again.

### “Our Christ is in the wilderness and in the valleys of our lives, and when we meet Him there, because of our ondition and acknowledgement of our worth (or the utter lack of it), all we can do is just trust Him.”

thought my life was supposed to be like. My golden tower of faith came crumbling down, and my soul with it. And whaddya know? God was pleased just by seeing the vacancy sign turn off at my prayer closet. In the absence of my reasons, desires, occupations and all this mind-wrestling, I had to love Him at His feet. And that was, really, all He wanted.

Trust and obey, for there’s no other way. What a cute rhyme. But so true.

“Be still and know that I am God.” That’s what He said. Often we limit this within the confines of solitary dialogue with God. In our dark, little rooms we try to listen to God. This is a hard task, no doubt about it. I can’t even go 15 minutes without wandering into some thought path lined with lunch choices for the next day and why so and so never liked me in high school, at the end of which I realize that I’m lost, and then I start all over again. “Ok ok, I’m sorry, God. Where was I?” We might then interpret this “stillness” in a Kafkaesque resignation and tell the mirror,

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Bible is full of “heroes” who input seemingly silly, brash acts of absent minded submission. But it works.

So what does it mean to be still? Is it really like the song that refrains, “When the oceans rise and thunders roar, I will soar with you above the storm...”? That sounds a little too cavalier for me sometimes, as if being still affords me battle scars and badges of honor in the fight for truth and good. “Why yes, I shall remain still, my Lord~!”

Rather, in my humble opinion, I think being still is simply saying “yes” to God in the morning as we offer our sacrifice of prayer and worship. We open our eyes, and yep, the pain of reality is still there. But the harder the life gets, God is less in hiding mode. I truly experienced being “still” when the mines were going off around me left and right, because it’s in THOSE crazy moments that God was ALL around. Our Christ is in the wilderness and in the valleys of our lives, and when we meet Him there, because of our condition and acknowledgement of our worth (or the utter lack of it), all we can do is just sit and trust Him. Maybe you get there naturally without a fight. Or, maybe you’ve injured yourself like Jacob after his wrestling match with God and walk around life limping in the annals of your chronic distrust and self-loathing. Either way, if God has called you as His own, you’d better get used to a lot of this.

So if you’re currently going through such times when you’re stuck in a void and can’t even get a glimpse of God, simma down and look a little harder. He’s all around you, more real than ever. In that moment, tell me how it feels to be still and do nothing. You’re about to witness the birth of your own faith. It’s quite an experience.

